

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

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NUMBER 3



THE PET LAMB.

Courtesy of "Our Fourfooted Friends."

October.

O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a word of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

For The Beacon.

Fiddling Jo and Flipper Jenny.

BY BERTHA LOUISE BOYD.

Fiddling Jo was the only promising member of a most unpromising gutter band. He loved his fiddle, but he did not love those with whom he was associated. Jo watched them as they disappeared one by one into a corner saloon, and then, tightly grasping his fiddle, he ran—not anywhere in particular, but just on and on, because he never wanted to see any of them again.

Not very far ahead of him a crowd was gathering in front of a large building, and Jo hurried along until he reached there just in time for the door to open. At one side was a sign, which read, "Come in and see Flipper Jenny, the West Indian Seal. Admission ten cents. Come one, come all."

Jo took from his pocket his share of the collection taken by the gutter band the last time he had played with them, bought an admission ticket, and passed along through the narrow entrance with the crowd into the aquarium.

Flipper Jenny, the West Indian seal, was swimming back and forth in a long tank in the middle of the room. She was homesick. It was so lonely there in the tank, all by herself. At home, in Campeche Bay, how she had loved to play and frolic with the other seals! It was such fun to slide down the rocks into the water and then sit up on the rocks again and bask in the sunshine.

Suddenly Jenny heard a noise, and thought she would like to see what was going on near the tank, so she dragged herself along a flat place made of cement, which was supposed to take the place of her native rocks, and to her surprise found herself the

centre of attraction among a crowd of boys surrounding the iron rail about the tank.

"Look at her queer flippers!" she heard one of them exclaim. "She has five toes!" said another. "What a queer fish!" said a third. "She hasn't any ears," announced still another.

Now Flipper Jenny was not a fish at all, and she almost wished she had no ears, but she had. They were what the scientists call "valve orifices," which she could conveniently open while on land and shut when she went under water.

"I may be a 'queer fish,' but I can give them a little surprise for all that," thought she, with almost a twinkle in her soft brown eyes; and before the boys knew what she was up to she squirted water in the air, well aimed at a bright-colored necktie, gave a loud bark, and then disappeared under water, closing both nostrils so no water could enter, and drawing an extra eyelid over each eye, glad that she could shut out the boys from her vision for a while.

She wished that she was a baby again, all covered with soft fur. What a funny time she had when she was learning to use her front flippers, and how awkward she had been! Nature had made her back flippers turn backward because it was easier to swim with them that way, but of course the boys had not known that when they spoke about them.

As Jenny stayed below, the boys coaxed her to come above again, but in vain. Even food thrown into the water did not attract her. Meanwhile, at one side of the crowd stood Fiddling Jo watching and hoping with the rest.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. Once long ago, before his father and mother died, they told him a wonderful story about a famous musician, who had played upon his violin from the deck of a ship until he drew about him a whole audience of seals. "Perhaps this poor, lonely seal from the West Indies is fond of music, too," thought Jo; and, raising his fiddle to his shoulder, he drew his bow gently across the strings and played a few delicate, plaintive tones. As he played, the water began to ripple and then slowly up came Flipper Jenny from the very bottom, her big soft eyes looking Jo full in the face as he played. Jo forgot the crowd, he forgot the gutter band, he forgot everything, except that he had found a lonely West Indian seal that wanted to listen to his music. Pennies, nickels, dimes, and even quarters, came dropping into his pocket, until it all seemed like a happy dream.

Before the end of the morning he was engaged to play each day by the side of the tank. Policemen could no longer order him to "move along"! Within a week the seal came right up to the iron rail as near as she could get to Jo, and looked at him as much as to say, "We are both lonely and we understand each other, don't we?" And Jo imagined in his boy heart that she knew when he played his best.

"My boy, do you really love music as much as all that?" asked an elderly gentleman who had come to hear him almost daily.

"I do, sir," replied Jo, smoothing his fiddle.

"And would you come and try to be a son to me, and learn the violin from the best teachers until you could play it to your heart's desire?"

"I would do my best, sir," answered Jo. And so it came to pass that Jo became a

worthy son, and after years of earnest endeavor a wonderful violinist, all because he had played his best for a lonely West Indian seal.

A Child's Thoughts about God.

God is not very far away,
He knows each thing I do or say,
In sun and stars his glories shine,
Yet dwells within this heart of mine.

He has no form that I can see,
Yet everywhere appears to me,
In rolling prairie, leafy wood,
But more in friends so kind and good.

I hear him, too, in rustling trees,
In rippling brooks and murmuring breeze,
But more in happy singing birds,
In grazing flocks and lowing herds.

I need not go to heaven to see
The God who is so near to me;
The loneliest spot I need not fear,
Since he, the Almighty, is so near.

In every pleasant sound I hear,
His gentle voice falls on my ear;
In every loving face I see,
The God of heaven smiles on me.

I must show forth his likeness, too,
In all I think or say or do.
'Tis he who lives within my heart,
I am of him a little part.

KATE LAWRENCE, in the *Christian Register*.

For The Beacon.

The Light in the Oak Tree.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

Chapter III.

The children were so surprised at getting a letter out of a post-office they had never heard of five minutes before that they almost forgot the fox and Dandy.

The postmaster gave them the letter which, sure enough, had their two names written large on the envelope, and then he stopped a moment to break off a banana to throw to Ted, who was hopping up and down on the deck of the houseboat.

Annie and Ben got back on board with their letter and opened it. They could hardly believe their eyes, for this is what they read:

To the children on the "Bluebell,"—This is Carl and Mattie Robinson that is writing to you. We live at Burnt Oak Island out in Rainbow Lake, and Mr. Blair that fixes boats and engines told father last night over the telephone that Mr. Willis, the basket-maker and chair-mender, was coming down to the lake in his boat. So you must be sure to tell him to come to Burnt Oak Island where there are six families live and all of them want new baskets and chairs fixed. Mr. Blair didn't tell us how many Willis children there were, but we hope there's a lot more of you because there's only two at our house. You must write and tell us how many and what's their names. You will know when you get to Burnt Oak Island because if it is dark there will be a light in the burnt oak tree. The top is all gone, and we call it our lighthouse because it is all hollow where the lightning went down, so we hang a lantern in it every night to guide mariners, and it shines through a hole in the top of the trunk as nice as ever you saw. Good-bye and get here as soon as you can.

FROM MATTIE AND CARL ROBINSON,
Burnt Oak Island, Rainbow Lake.

"Why, it's the Swiss Family Robinson come true!" laughed Annie. "What fun, Ben! They've heard of us and are just waiting for us to come."

They showed the letter to their father and asked him if he knew where Burnt Oak Island was.

"No, I don't, but I'll warrant we'll find it," he said. "If there's any work to be had there, I shall hunt it up, I can tell you."

They wrote a long letter to Mattie and Carl that night, and mailed it in the morning before they sailed away from the post-office.

"They'll know all about us when they get that," declared Ben, dropping the fat envelope in the slit of the office door.

The boat went travelling along so slowly that it began to seem to the children that they would never get anywhere. Once in a while Father Willis stopped to mend some chairs at a farm-house on the bank, and every day he worked at his baskets on the deck of the "Bluebell."

Dinner was scant sometimes, and then Mother Willis would look troubled, but Ben would say sturdily:

"What if we don't have a lot to eat! We're having a pile of fun all the time."

"It's so cool and lovely sailing along like this," Annie would add, "and pretty soon Ted and I can go ashore and pick blueberries, we saw some half-ripe ones on the bank to-day."

One rainy afternoon they dropped anchor for the night under a high bank in a place where they were partly sheltered by a great overhanging oak. It was not very pleasant on the "Bluebell" in wet weather, for the cabin was so small it was like being packed away in a box to stay in it.

"And there isn't a thing for supper except salt fish and crackers," whispered Annie to Ben a little dismally, for they were hungry.

"All sailors have short rations now and again," said Father Willis, soberly.

At this moment they heard a great tumbling and thumping on deck. They rushed out to see what had happened and saw a surprising sight.

The rain had stopped and the sky was clearing, or else they might have thought it had been raining strawberries; for there was a great basket of them fresh from somebody's garden sitting on the deck, and beside it was something that looked like a bag of potatoes.

Looking up on the bank, which was a little higher than the deck, the children saw a wheelbarrow, and beside it stood a big man unloading things, as hard as he could jump, Ben said, from the barrow to the deck.

There was a fat roasted chicken bursting out of a big paper bag, a large piece of bacon, and a number of packages that looked as if they came from a grocery store.

The big man dumped a bag of beans on the deck and then stopped and wiped his forehead, looking cheerfully at the children.

"Evening, comrades," he said. "My name's Jack Robinson."

(To be continued.)

Horse-chestnut, why called.

At the point where the smallest branches with bark on them join the larger ones, there is the exact reproduction of the front foot of a horse's hoof, horseshoe nails, and above the hoof the fetlock, or first joint. If the branch be carefully removed by pulling it from the larger branch, from which would be the back part of the hoof, you will find the "frog" of the hoof on the part where it joined the larger branch.

Primary Education.

For The Beacon.

Playing Fairy.

BY ETHEL F. MILLARD.

"Mother's sick. She's got to go away," said Ned, with a very grave face, as he walked into the nursery.

"Oh, oh!" wailed Betty, "she can't go away. We can't get along without her. Why is she sick?"

"Father said she was dis-cour-aged. I don't know what that means, but it's pretty bad, and he said we must be good for these three weeks before she goes."

"I'm going to be gooder," cried May.

"Huh, there isn't any such thing," answered Ned.

"Yes, there is too, it's more than being good. I'm going to play fairy and help her, so she won't be so tired."

"I'd like to see you play fairy," cried Tim.

"I can't be a fairy. I haven't any silver dwess," complained Baby Betty.

"Yes, you can, too. The fairies are always making nice surprises for people. If you put your dolls and tea-set away every night, it would be a surprise for mother. I'm going to mend some of the stockings, and feed the bird."

"What can we do?" cried Ned and Tim.

"Why, you can do lots of things. Clean the walk, wash the porch, run the sewing-machine for mother, take care of the grate fire."

"Hold on there," cried Tim. "That's enough. This fairy hasn't an airship. He can't be in five or six places at once."

When mother woke up the next morning, she heard a funny swish-swish on the front porch.

"Some one is washing the porch," she whispered.

"Oh, no," said father drowsily, "you are dreaming. Go to sleep again."

But, sure enough, when she came downstairs, she found the porch clean, the room spick and span, the canary singing over his breakfast, and a neat little note on the mending basket.

"A fary has takken the stockins. She will bring them back verry soon."

"Why, a whole army of fairies have been here during the night!" exclaimed mother. "Here is a feather from one of their wings."

"Oh, it fell from the duster!" said May, and everybody laughed.

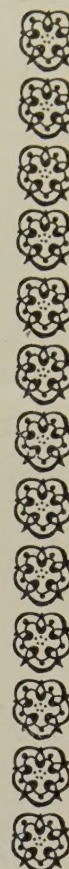
Being fairies was great fun, for there were always new surprises to plan for mother. Sometimes she found her shoes blacked, her hat neatly brushed, or a rose on her bureau, and there were always two or three fairies eager to run errands for her. Little by little the tired look left her eyes, and her old smile came back again.

One evening, just before bed-time, the fairies met in the nursery to talk over the day and plan what they could do the next day. It was the last evening before mother was to go away, and they felt so solemn that they were glad to hear father's cheery voice outside.

"Put these on and come to a fairy party in the dining-room," he said, as he held out four white robes, with peaked caps and silver wands.

The children looked like real fairies now, as they stole into the dark dining-room. In the dim candle-light they could see a silver lake on the table.

"Touch it with your wands," whispered mother.



THE STORY-HOUR.

Crack! went the silver paper, and underneath appeared a pair of skates for Ned, a book for Tim, a beautiful work-basket for May, and a sailor-doll for Baby Betty.

"Oh, oh, oh!" squealed all the fairies.

"And now," said father, turning to May, "the queen of the fairies is to make a wish."

"I do wish mother wasn't going away," cried May.

"That wish makes me happiest of all," said mother, as she kissed May. "I shall not have to go away. I'm going to stay in fairyland."

The Slave-maker.

Mr. Gould tells a story of a boy Herbert, who loved to have everything done for him. Other people might fold his night-dress, put his slippers away, hang his coat up, replace his book and paint-box. One morning, before breakfast, he was heard singing:

"Britons never, never shall be slaves."

"Do you think, Herbert," said his mother, "that Britons never should be slaves?"

"Yes, mother."

"Am I a Briton?"

"Yes, mother."

"Ought I to be a slave?"

"No," cried Herbert; and he looked fierce as if ready to defy buccaneers or pirates who should dare to carry off his mother into slavery.

"Then, Herbert, why do you make a slave of me? Every morning I have to fold your night-dress, put away your slippers"—

Herbert's face lost its soldierly air. But henceforth he was less indolent and more self-reliant.

Unitarian Monthly.

A Boy's Prayer.

(Author Unknown.)

I pray, whatever wrong I do,
I'll never say what is not true;
Be willing at my task each day,
And always honest in my play.

Make me unselfish with my joys,
And generous to the other boys;
And kind and helpful to the old,
And prompt to do what I am told.

Bless every one I love, and teach
Me how to help and comfort each:
Give me the strength right living brings,
And make me good in little things.

A little girl at a farm was about to throw a peach-stone away, instead of planting it in obedience to her first impulse—because, as she said, "I might be dead before the tree was big enough to bear peaches." She was stopped by her grandfather. "Was that a good peach?" he asked. "Splendid one, grandpa." "A good many years ago, little one, my father was a boy; and, standing just here on this very farm, he ate a fine peach. 'I will plant this stone,' he said, 'instead of throwing it away.' So he planted it; and to-day a little girl, whom he never saw, eats its fruit." The sticky little hand opened; two great blue eyes looked curiously at the stone. And presently, without a word, it was buried in the ground and carefully covered up. Some little girl or boy in days to come, and perhaps men and women, too, would be happier by what a little thought, a heart, and a hand did just then.

Young Days.

Making Things Go.

In the last number of *The Beacon* you were promised that something would be said in this number of how to make our Unitarian machinery effective. If you read what was said in that article, you know that we have a good deal of machinery, but you know also that machinery is of very little use unless certain things are true about it. What, then, are the things that must be true about any kind of machinery to make it work?

First, it must work together. Every part should fit every other part. Some years ago, when the Editor was living in a country on the other side of the world, he was told about a great heap of iron rods, wheels, and bars that had been rusting on the ground for a long time. Some people out there wanted to bore a hole far down into the earth and gave an order to an English firm for the machinery. The man who took the order told them that it would never work because they had not made their measurements carefully, and the different parts would not fit together. They thought they knew better than he did and ordered the machinery anyway. When it came, they found it was true, as he said. They could not even put it together, still less could they make it do any work.

So it is in everything people try to do together. Fortunately, our Unitarian machinery does work smoothly. The officers in the various departments are good friends and are all animated by a common purpose, —to do good.

The other essential is that there be steam, or some kind of power to make the machinery work. No engine, however well fitted together, or however well its joints are oiled, will run unless there is some power applied to it. Now the power that must be applied to machinery set to do religious work is what some people call "earnestness" and some call "consecration." It means willingness to help. It means more than willingness, it means a very earnest desire to help. If we have, with all this splendid Unitarian machinery, that consecration which makes us willing to do all we can do, results will certainly follow that ought to make us glad.

Readers of *The Beacon* should understand that, no matter how young they are, they can help in carrying forward a great deal that Unitarians have to do. In every Sunday school there might be a class, for example, whose business it is to do something through the Unitarian Sunday School Society for the promotion of its work. This class might raise money enough to send *The Beacon* to poor children, or to small Sunday schools that can hardly afford to pay for it. It might help us to provide lesson books for schools. The same thing is true, of course, about the other organizations in our church. Nothing goes on by itself. All things depend upon the people taking hold of them and making them go, and it is only when all, old and young, take hold together in the spirit of service, that the work of the school and the church and the world can be done.

People say a church is a holy place. So it is if holy people be in it, not else: the kingdom is within you, not in stones.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. Do every day something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it.

WILLIAM JAMES.

For *The Beacon*.

A Rocky Mountain Sunrise.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

It happened one day when I was crossing the Rocky Mountains on my way to Spokane, Wash. After travelling for several days across the flat prairies, we had come to the foothills the night before, and during the night had got well into the mountains.

Very early in the morning I awakened, and put up the blind in the sleeping car. It was not yet daybreak, but I could just faintly see signs of light over the mountains to the east. I knew that day was coming.

A little later, as I watched, I saw the topmost peak of the mountain touched by the first ray of sunshine. All the valleys were dark and misty, without any signs of life or light. But, high above all, the peak glowed in brightness and beauty.

Little by little the golden rays crept lower and lower down the mountain side, touching the lower peaks and gradually approaching the lowest level. And finally, after a long time, the sunshine poured down upon the mountain and the valley alike, and everywhere were light and life and golden beauty.

And I thought that day, as we rushed along through the hills, of how truly the sunshine was like the dawning of the Day of God, and of how God revealed himself to men in just the same way that the brightness crept over the hills.

Once upon a time, you know, men only dreamed of God. They felt that there was some mighty power behind all things, but they knew only enough to be afraid. They knew there was a God, just as I knew by the faint light in the east that the sun was soon to rise over the horizon.

Then there came a time when God revealed himself in one man,—one high, noble, splendid man. This man had risen so high above his fellows that he was a human mountain peak. And so the first rays of the sunshine of God fell upon him, and made his life glow with beauty.

And when men saw him, and the brightness of his life, and how different it was from the darkness of the valley lives below, they thought he must be different from other men, and so they called him the Christ. They said that he was God, and, looking up out of the misty valley, they worshipped him.

But all the time since then the sun of God has been steadily rising. Little by little it has touched other high and noble lives. More and more it streams down into the valleys of life, and all of us share in its beauty. Still the mountain peak of the Christ beams as brightly as ever, but now all men may walk in the sunshine of the Day of God.

This is the great lesson that the Unitarian Sunday schools are trying to teach to you and to all. The light of God is shining into every life. There is no lowest valley anywhere into which it may not beam. Like Jesus, we may all reflect the brightness of the sunshine of God.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon was fond of a joke, and his keen wit was, moreover, based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was back-bone and the rest was grit."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA IV.

My whole contains 11 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 10, is a numeral.
My 9, 8, 3, is a boy's name.
My 11, 6, 4, 5, 10, is an equal portion.
My 6, 7, 10, is a garden tool.
My whole is the name of a writer of stories for children.

MABEL F. LOW.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 4, 2, 12, is a sign of assent.
My 3, 11, is an exclamation.
My 5 is the seventeenth letter in the alphabet.
My 6, 15, is a pronoun.
My 7, 9, 10, is slippery.
My 8, 13, 10, is used in the Bible.
My 1, 11, 14, is an abbreviation.
My whole was a President of the United States.

DOROTHY P. HALL.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a shrill cry and leave a rich beverage; behead again and leave a number of sheets of paper.
2. Behead a notch and leave a part of a fruit; behead again and leave metal.
3. Behead a dish and leave something it is not nice to be; behead again and leave what you did yesterday.
4. Behead to cook in a certain way and leave a little stream of water; behead again and leave what you do not like to be.
5. Behead a figure of speech and leave something necessary on a ship; behead again and leave to unfold.
6. Behead a large fish and leave to listen; behead again and leave a noted structure of one of the Old Testament stories.
7. Behead a grain and leave what the sun gives; behead again and leave what all animals do.
8. Behead a part and leave an animal; behead again and leave a part of the verb to be.

W. J.

CHANGED LETTERS.

I am a small stick.
Change my first and I am a fish.
Change again and I am a shake of the head.
Change it thrice and I am the covering of peas.
Change my second and I am a color.
Change my last and I am a boy's name.

HEDWIG FALLER.

BURIED FRUITS.

1. What a lovely sweet-pea! Charles gave it to Amy.
2. You are not afraid of that ape, are you?
3. When I lie down for a nap, please don't disturb me.
4. Otto ran: George stood still.
5. Mary, why did Ida tear that letter so savagely?
6. There is a rap: run, Edward, and see who it is.

K. L. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN NO. 1.

A FALL PLANTING.—1. Acorn. 2. Aster. 3. Timothy. 4. Dock. 5. Pussy-willows. 6. Mint. 7. Hawthorn. 8. Coxcomb. 9. Pitcher-plant. 10. Solomon's seal.

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